

HARRY

September 18, 1970

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

SEPTEMBER 18, FRIDAY

MUSIC:

Folk night Collage, U.M.B.C., \$1.50, min. age: 18

"Joshua," Parkville Teen Ctr., Hartford and Hess, 8-11 p.m.

Grey Kilm, Coffeegrounds, 8 p.m.

"Aux," Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

"Back Alley Blues Band," Blues Back Alley (2-5 a.m., Sat. morn.)

FILMS:

"Warrendale," UMBC-Chemical Bldg., Aud., 4 p.m. FREE

"Ecstasy," Johns Hopkins Univ., Levening Hall

DRAMA:

"See How They Run" Vagabond Players, Wyman Park Dell, FREE 8 p.m.

"The Measures Taken" by Brecht, Balt. Theatre Ensemble, Towson State College Studio Theatre 8-30 p.m.

"No Exit" by Sartre, "Alarm" by Kautman, "The Birth and Death of Man" by Valcourt and Woodman, Fine Arts Theatre U.M.B.C., 8 p.m. SToutsiders

"Tegroon" by Wallace Hamilton, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

"It," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8-30 p.m.

"The Story of the Stars," 8-30 p.m., Car camping at Assateague Island thru Sept. 20. Call Bob Nied 922-1569

MUSIC:

Babu Kieya Yoga, 2912 N. Calvert, 6:30 p.m. 243-6910

SEPTEMBER 19, SATURDAY

MUSIC:

Benefit for Shad News, "Howdy-Doo," Procreation, Rasputin, Betty White, "Exit," 6-12 p.m., \$1.50 if someone knows the address for this please call the HARRY office and tell us so we may tell others who call)

"Collage" Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

"Meat," U.M.B.C., "Collage" 8-12:30 p.m. min. age: 18

People's Place Benefit, "Howdy-Doo," Exit, Aaron's Rod, Betty White and others."

Messiah Lutheran Church, 6-12 p.m., \$1.50 if you get lost, go to Patterson Park for directions.)

Mike Winakur, folk-rock, The Blue Frog

DRAMA:

"No Exit" by Sartre, "Alarm" by Kautman, "The Birth and Death of Man" by Valcourt and Woodman, Fine Arts Theatre, U.M.B.C., 8 p.m. SToutsiders

"See How They Run" Vagabond Plays, Wyman Park Dell, FREE 8 p.m.

"The Measures Taken" by Brecht, Balt. Theatre Ensemble, Towson State College Studio Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

"Tegroon" by Wallace Hamilton, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

"It," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8-30 p.m.

NATURE:

Overnight canoe trip on C & O Canal and Potomac River, Leaves 4 p.m. Call Bill Robinson 338-1552.

MUSIC:

"The Bust" W.C. Fields movie, a play and a dance with "New Apocalypse, Perfectly Clear, Tregwater" Johns Hopkins Univ., 7 p.m. \$2, general admission, \$1 freshman (any school)

SEPTEMBER 20, SUNDAY

MUSIC:

Balt. Chamber Orch., Elliott W. Galleen, cond. Goucher College Center, 8:30 p.m. Stud., \$1.50, Others \$3.

"Horace Silver," jazz pianist, Famous Ballroom, 5-9 p.m.

Jan Session, Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

"Matrix" Blues Back Alley (2-5 a.m., Sun. morn.)

FREE CONCERT!! "Quinn, Aux, Acet, Aubrey Circle, Calhoun," Putty Hill Rd., Penning Pkwy. and Putty Hill Rd.

Berlin Airlift, R.E.K. Stadium, Wash., D.C.

DRAMA:

"See How They Run" Vagabond Players, Wyman Park Dell, FREE 8 p.m.

"It," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8-30 p.m.

"Warrendale," U.M.B.C.-Chemical Bldg. Aud., 4 p.m. FREE

MUSIC:

Educational: History of the Class Struggle, Balt. Labor Comm., 5509 Bosworth Ave, 2 p.m.

SEPTEMBER 21, MONDAY

MUSIC:

Award-winning films, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 12:30-4 p.m.

MUSIC:

Joey Connors, guitarist and singer, No Fish Today, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. min. age: 21

SEPTEMBER 22, TUESDAY

MUSIC:

Award-winning films, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 12:30-4 p.m.

MUSIC:

"Back Alley Blues Night" "Service" is the host band. If you are part of one or have a friend in one, come and invite them, The Blue Frog.

"Howdy-Doo," People's Place, 7:30-11:30 p.m.

"Matrix" Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

"Matrix" Blues Back Alley, (2-5 a.m., Sun. morn.)

"Howdy-Doo," U.M.B.C., "Collage" 8-12 p.m., \$1.50 min. age: 18

DRAMA:

"Tegroon" by Wallace Hamilton, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

"It," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8-30 p.m.

Moissey Dance Co., Lyric Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

DANCE:

Moissey Dance Co., Lyric Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

SEPTEMBER 23, THURSDAY

MUSIC:

Wind Ensemble, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall, FREE 2 p.m.

"Balt. Symphony Orch." Opening Concert, Lyric Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

"Aubrey Circle," No Fish Today, 9 p.m. min. age: 21

Orchestra Concert, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall, FREE 2 p.m.

FILMS:

Award-winning films, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 12:30-4 p.m.

Feature and short film, Johns Hopkins Univ., Levening Hall

Educational: History of the Class Struggle, Balt. Labor Committee, 2730 Reisterstown Rd., 8 p.m.

Community Supper, Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House, Bring food if possible,

SEPTEMBER 24, THURSDAY

Nothing ever happens in Baltimore

SEPTEMBER 25, FRIDAY

MUSIC:

Ingrid and Jim Croce, folk music, Goucher College Ctr., 8:30 p.m. \$1.

"Black Foot Smoke" Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

"Back Alley Blues Band" Blues Back Alley (2-5 a.m., Sat. morn.)

FILMS:

Feature and short film, Johns Hopkins Univ., Levening Hall

SEPTEMBER 26, SATURDAY

MUSIC:

"Back Alley Blues Night" "Service" is the host band. If you are part of one or have a friend in one, come and invite them, The Blue Frog.

"Howdy-Doo," People's Place, 7:30-11:30 p.m.

"Matrix" Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

"Matrix" Blues Back Alley, (2-5 a.m., Sun. morn.)

DRAMA:

"Tegroon" by Wallace Hamilton, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

"It," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8-30 p.m.

Moissey Dance Co., Lyric Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

SEPTEMBER 27, SUNDAY

MUSIC:

Linda Chen, piano recital, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall, 3 p.m.

Jam session, Bluescette, 8-12 p.m.

Stan Kenton and his orch., Famous Ballroom, 5-9 p.m.

DRAMA:

"Tegroon" by Wallace Hamilton, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

"It," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8-30 p.m.

Moissey Dance Co., Lyric Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

SEPTEMBER 28, MONDAY

MUSIC:

Wind Ensemble, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall, FREE 2 p.m.

"Balt. Symphony Orch." Lyric Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

FILMS:

Rock climbing at Little Stony Man Mtn. Shensdolah Nat'l Park, Leaves 7 a.m. Call Bill Robinson 338-1552.

MUSIC:

Outdoor Art Show, Loyola College, 1-5 p.m.

Vagabond Players Open House at Lampsdale Library, 1420 N. Charles St., 2-5 p.m.

Educational: History of the Class Struggle, Balt. Labor Committee, 5509 Bosworth Ave., 2 p.m.

NATURE:

JELLYFISH-BAKES, GOODIES, etc. Dulany Valley Rd. and Seminary Ave., 21204, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

FILMS:

Official opening of Photo Show Beverly and Jack Wilgus, Joann Stephany, R. Jacqueline, Fells Point Gallery, 124-124 p.m.

SEPTEMBER 29, TUESDAY

MORchestra Concert, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall, 2 p.m. FREE

Joey Connors, guitarist and singer, No Fish Today, 9 p.m.-1 a.m. min. age: 21

FILMS:

"Skin of Our Teeth" Enoch Pratt Free Library, 2 p.m. FREE

SEPTEMBER 30, WEDNESDAY

MUSIC:

Wind Ensemble, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall, FREE, 2 p.m.

Feature and short film, Johns Hopkins Univ., Levening Hall

OCTOBER 4, SUNDAY

MUSIC:

"F.I.T.," an English comedy, Spotlights, 8:30 p.m.

"White Swan" by Gordon Pontenfield, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

DRAMA:

"Quinn," Hereford Teen Ctr., Hereford Jr.-Sr. HS, 8-11 p.m.

MUSIC:

"Cahoon" and "Meat" WellwoodTeen Ctr., Wellwood Elem. School, Smith Ave., 8-11 p.m.

DRAMA:

"Eh!" an English comedy, Spotlights, 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC:

FELLS POINT FUN FESTIVAL DAY!!! 12-5 p.m. Music, games, EVERYTHING!!!

CONTINUED

thru Sept. 30 Charles Palmer exhibit of paintings and caricatures on Women's Liberation, Eisenhower Library-JHU, Charles and 33rd Sts.

thru Oct. 1

Faculty 70 an exhibit, Maryland Institute, Mt. Royal Station

Flea Market, sponsored by Latter-Day Saints' Church, ANTIQUE'S, CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, GLASSWARE, JEWELRY, BAKED GOODS, etc. Dulany Valley Rd. and Seminary Ave., 21204, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

DRAMA:

"White Swan" by Gordon Pontenfield, Corner Theatre, 9 p.m.

MUSIC:

Community Supper, Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House, Bring food if possible

DRAMA:

Drama: Educational: History of the Class Struggle, Balt. Labor Committee, 2730 Reisterstown Rd., 8-3-7307.

DRAMA:

Bluescette, 2439 N. Charles St., 467-4404, Fri. and Sat., \$2, Sunday \$1.

NATURE:

Rock climbing at Little Stony Man Mtn. Shensdolah Nat'l Park, Leaves 7 a.m. Call Bill Robinson 338-1552.

DRAMA:

Blues Back Alley, rear 2439 N. Charles St., 467-4404, \$2, Sunday \$1.

NATURE:

Bluescette, 2439 N. Charles St., 467-4404, Fri. and Sat., \$2, Sunday \$1.

NATURE:

Crossroads, Loch Raven Blvd. and Woodbourne Ave.

DRAMA:

Enoch Pratt Free Library, 400 Cathedral St., 837-9100

FAMOUS BALLOON:

Famous Balloon, 1717 N. Charles St., 727-8620

FLEA MARKET:

Fells Point Art Gallery, 811 S. Broadway, 675-6273

Goucher College:

Dulaney Valley Rd., 825-3300

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIV.:

Charles St., 366-3300

LOYOLA COLLEGE:

Charles St. and Goldspring Lane, 435-2500

LYRIC THEATRE:

128 W. Mt. Royal Ave., 685-5086

NO FISH TODAY:

Eutaw St., 669-4430

PEABODY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC:

Mt. Vernon Place, 837-0600

PEOPLES PLACE:

Fleet St. and East Ave., 7-30 p.m.

SPOTLIGHTERS:

817 St. Paul St., 752-1225, \$1.25 stat., \$2.25 others.

STONEY RUN FRIENDS MTG. HOUSE:

N. Charles St., 433-1211

TOWSON STATE COLLEGE:

York Rd., 823-1211

U.M.B.C.:

Univ. of Md., Balt. County, 5401 Wilkins Ave., 744-7800

VAGABOND PLAYERS:

Md. Ave. and Oliver St. (U. of Balt.), 358-6337

Ex-painter would like to travel and perform a few expensive acts of humane sign. Needs money for these endeavors. Mail checks/money orders or come down in person. Robert Owens, 213 E. Mt. Royal Ave., c/o Acme Films.

Wanted: Girls to share huge apt. with Hopkins Grad. students. Very low rent. 366-2265, Tom or Ray.

Students-\$1.00 every Thursday at Corner Theatre. Call 728-4707 for reservations.

Sensitivity classes beginning Tuesday, Sept. 29 at Corner Theatre. Call 728-4707 or Dick Flax at 825-2700 for info.

We need a barn!! to rent or borrow for just one night. Contact: Angela, 435-0490.

Rick and Karen—we miss you. L & S.

Lesley: Am splitting in 3 weeks. Please get in touch before then. I still care. G.

Free freaky kittens—276-3649

Couple and baby desire living space in N. 25th St. area or anywhere else too. Any suggestions for a communal setup welcome. 276-3649.

63 VW bus, 48,000 miles on righteous engine; needs body work, you inspect, offers over \$500. 243-8968 Evenings.

Kittens-free, litter trained—669-0027.

Home wanted for two gay white mice. Cage & food included. Call Donna, 821-5394.

For Sale: Stereo Equip. Garrard Changer: type A, Teac Turntable, Lafayette 4" by 6" speakers, Adler speaker systems. Len 243-1193.

Tutor grades 5 through 9—former teacher who wants to keep in teaching groove. Mon. & Wed. evenings in exchange for transportation and meal. I live in central Baltimore. Reply HARRY Box 1000.

Drummer seeking work with group. Lennie 467-8876.

REWARD: Stolen 1970 Yamaha D56B red. Tag No. 7653, Serial No. D56104582. Contact Rick Jones, 2736 St. Paul St., 2B.

Mature young lady, 2 yrs. college, exp. in mental health & social work, also clerical general office needs a job. \$80. a week or more. Call Carol-823-3324.

Singer desires position in band. Freaks please. Love, Sam, 485-4013.

Free room & Meals in exchange for babysitting. Tues. Wed. & Thur. Evenings. Judy-644-8892.

Mr. Bags Guitar—I love you—Anna No Place.

Drummer (24) & singer (22) looking for group—276-8054

Models wanted, free-lance photographer needs models for semi-nude & nude figure studies. Call Dick 444-4098, between 6 & 9 p.m.

Guy wants roommate to share wild pad & expenses. Beautiful set up. Inexpensive. 433-3697.

Adorable mutt needs good home. Call Brian, 922-3291, Harlene, 788-5016.

One 1964 Corvair Monza for parts. Front end wrecked, 140-hp engine, auto transmission excellent condition. Ideal for Volks-vair conversion, done buggy, etc. Must tow away immediately. \$30. Call 363-1250 any time.

NEED A RIDE TO CALIF., or someone to hitch with. Jude-391-4564.

HARRY



Phone long distance anywhere east of the Miss. Talk as long as you want—\$1.00 a call. Call 752-2000 ext. 516-8:30-4:30. Ask for Harper.

On Sept. 20 at Putty Hill there will be a free rock concert with Ox, Aubrey Circle, Quinn & Meat & possibly Joshua.

Continuous Art Gallery—Nostalgia et Cetera, 2412 Pickwick Rd., Dickeyville, Md. 448-0113.

KITTENS—free to good home, freaks preferred. 6 wks. old. 3 grown, too. Call 235-2325.

Denise needs a job. Is not a sex pervert. 732-5885. Before 10 o'clock.

Leroy Grey, Janet F. Decker, Donna Bermal, Capt. L.A. Launore and Mark Schlossberg are wanted by HARRY. Write, call or buzz by but we gotta see you! Please.

Gibson G. SG Special Double Pick-up \$25.00 or best offer. Must sell. Custom speaker cabinet 2-15" Jensen speakers \$200.00 or best offer. Don, CL 9-0054

WANTED: People interested in establishing a switchboard in A.A. County. Call Dave, 766-7613.

Band auditions held weekly. All groups invited. For details call 467-4404, ask for Jim Hayman.

To Bill Ricks—"It's been a long, long time."—from a Girl of Constant Sorrow.

Piano—ancient and decrepit upright. FREE to whoever will take it away. Call 439-6928.

For Sale: Yearling Fender Super Reverb, Baffled speaker cabinet, \$225. Paul-666-8133.

pretty and uninhibited models, male and female, experienced, will pose artistically nude or semi-nude, for artists, photographers, and film-makers. Typical fee \$10-15/hr. Send name, address, phone, and job description to Sandy, boxXVR, c/o HARRY, 233 East 25th St.

revolutionary to killer. It may be too late to choose.

The entire convention crystallized for me when I was being searched. The Panther told me to hold up my arms. As I did I turned around to the wall and put my hands up against it. He told me to turn around. "Oh," I said, "I'm used to doing it the other way." When I'm being searched by the police. Holy shit, what's the difference!

It's our choice, perhaps still. Do we pick up a gun, do we follow our original acid-cosmic peace and freedom and fun trip? Or do we do both? Do we get back to where we once belonged? Or do we belong where we are?

Nobody can answer that but you and me.

*Once I stood upon Olympus,
Then the houses opened wide.
I beheld that flaming chariot,
And I saw the sacred bride.*
—PROCUL HARUM

How do we bring her home? We gotta do it. One way or another. Somehow the answer seems less and less clear.

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September 18, 1970

HARRY

**"PROPERTY RIGHTS
AND HUMAN RIGHTS
ARE INSEPARABLE..."**



**Indians Retake
Mt Rushmore**

MOUNT RUSHMORE, S. Dakota (LNS) "When any man makes a purchase of a car, house, or whatever, and he fails to meet his agreement, it is repossessed. So maybe the Red man should take back that which he agreed to sell to the Government, but was never paid for."

This notice appeared in the South Dakota newspaper, *The Indian* calling for all branches of the Sioux tribe and Indians of all tribes to march on and repossess Mount Rushmore.

Located in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Mt. Rushmore is known to non-Indians as the mountain with the four faces of the presidents. But the Black Hills are considered sacred religious land by the Sioux. The Sioux charge that the Government was two-faced in taking the land without paying for it.

The march on Mt. Rushmore, led by the Black Hills Teton Indian Movement, began Aug. 29. Marching in support were representatives from Alcatraz Indians of All Tribes, National Indian Youth Council, United Native Americans, All Indians Coalition, and the American Indian Movement.

First up the trail were two Sioux—John Trudell from Alcatraz, Russell Means from Cleveland—and an Indian brother from Portland, Oregon. The three, who were ahead of the others, were met halfway up by a pair of Park Rangers who, levelling a shotgun at them, placed them under arrest and ordered them back down the mountain.

They soon met up with the brothers and sisters, which swelled the number of Indians to 30, outnumbering the four or five rangers in the vicinity. When the rangers discovered that the Indians were not planning to paint the faces of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Teddy Roosevelt red, as rumors had it, they decided against taking prisoners and withdrew.

So the Indians set up camp on Mt. Rushmore and began plans for bringing up necessary food and water for their occupation. The next day many older Indian people who could not make the climb helped with the supplies and set up picket lines in the parking lot at the

base. (This was for the benefit of tourists who prefer Indian relics to Indian rights.) Indians at the top hung out a banner for all those below to read, renaming the mountain Chief Crazy Horse.

At the summit, Indians were busy building a sweat house for religious ceremonies as befit the holy site. Trudell, Lehman Brightman (director of Indian Studies at Berkeley) and Ed Benton of the American Indian Movement, fasted for three days, Sept. 3-6.

The Party repossessing Mt. Rushmore offered to meet with Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, or with Bureau of Indian Affairs Commissioner Louis Bruce, preferably—but not necessarily—on Crazy Horse Mountain. So far, the government has not responded.

One old Sioux Indian woman carried a sign, "Mt. Rushmore: symbol of democracy for the white white man. Symbol of tyranny and oppression to the Indian."

Stormy Weather

DETROIT [LNS] - "These people are very hard to find because wherever they go, there are many other people who look talk and act like them," said the Justice Department official to CBS-TV on the seven o'clock news, July 23.

That day, a Federal grand jury in Detroit indicted 13 people, including leaders and former members of Weatherman, on charges of conspiring to bomb and kill. The central "evidence" seems to be last December's Weatherman War Council in Flint, Michigan, where it was decided that Weatherman should disband as an above-ground organization and become guerrillas swimming like fish among the sea of hippies, dropouts, and deserters.

The indictment listed 21 "overt

acts" leading to the conspiracy charge, a number of them speeches and others as vague as the alleged departure of Bernadine Dohrn for San Francisco and the fact that someone made a telephone call from Vermont to the 11th Street townhouse that blew up been picked for the location of the Grand Jury because a number of "incidents" took place in the area. He did not cite his own political ambitions as a factor.



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Air Force 2

continued from page three

we launched a plan to promote governmental stupidity, ineptness, and repression in order to produce a unified left consisting of all people in the US with IQ's over 90. This has been a difficult task. Frankly, a government as stupid, inept and repressive as ours is a hard act to follow. Often we have had a highly placed agent propose the most ridiculous piece of extremism only to have it rejected as 'bleeding heart liberalism.' For instance, when Kennedy was president one of our CIA infiltrators proposed that the government should arm the Orlando post of the American Legion with surplus M-1's and a box of blasting caps and let them invade Cuba. Instead, Robert Kennedy selected 250 expatriate Cuban pool sharks and snooker players from an after hours joint in Miami, gave them a case of .22 caliber bolt action rifles and eleven tear gas grenades and shipped them to the Bay of Pigs in a herring trawler. And he was serious about it! So it's gone. We suggested they jail Martin Luther King and they have

him shot. We suggest they violate North Korean waters and they lose the Pueblo. We suggest they bomb Cambodia and they fucking invade it. Far out. But this vice president bit is all our own. Here, try some electric breaded veal cutlets."

Hadn't this been hard on him personally? I wondered.

"Sure," he said, "you wouldn't believe the shit I have to put up with, like tickling Nixon's asshole with a feather while he fucks a stuffed replica of Checkers. But sometimes it's fun too. I've had the chance to whop all sorts of dignitaries with tennis balls, footballs, and golf balls. Next, we're going bowling!"



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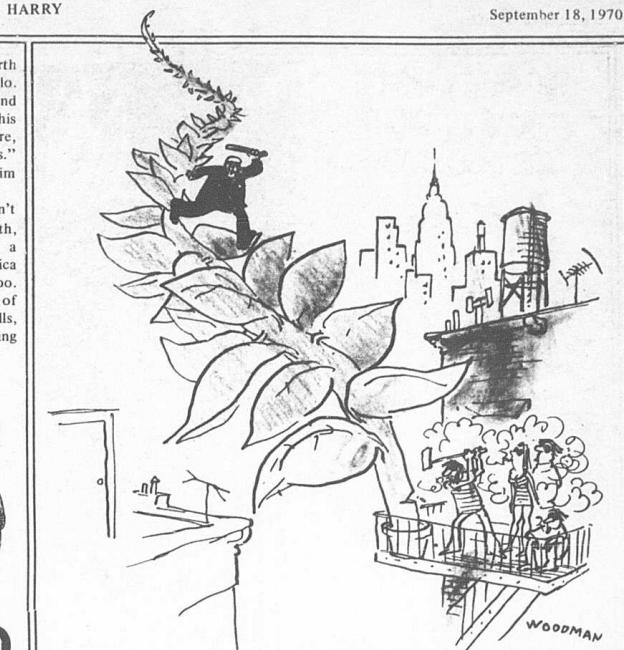


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Sabotage

continued from page three

publicity in the mass media because the ruling class does not want to admit the extent of their damage or to disseminate their political messages for fear of further encouraging the growth of popular sabotage groups within the anti-war movement and elsewhere.

To encourage the healthy and useful growth of anti-war sabotage groups, several critical steps should be taken. 1) A nationwide list of anti-war sabotage acts should be compiled and published. The ~~political statements issued by many~~ of the groups performing these acts should also be compiled and published. 2) A nationwide movement communications network would be established, with the capability of informing every section of the movement within 72 hours of significant sabotage actions. The political statements of the sabotage groups should receive wide publicity and distribution both within the movement and to the general public. As the repression grows, movement people must become less and less dependent upon ruling class media as their source of information. 3) Sabotage actions should be coordinated with aboveground organizing, so that organizers are able to get maximum political mileage from sabotage acts. However, in no sense should sabotage be considered a replacement for aboveground organizing.

the Baltimore theatre ensemble presents

MAGIC
MIME
SOUNDS WHICH ARE UNREAL
SOUNDS WHICH ARE REAL
SOME GIANTS
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COMMUNISM
A PRAYER FOR PEACE
AN OLD PLAY
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THE MEASURES TAKEN

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Studio TheatreNightly at 8:30 p.m. thru Sept. 19
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Students (with i.d.) \$1.50
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THEATER

Measures Taken

by Len Bradford

It was strange to find party-line Brecht in conservative Towson, a scant four or five blocks from the American Opinion Bookstore. The Baltimore Theater Ensemble of Towson State College, has, however, made few attempts to avoid controversies, either related to subject matter or their willingness to experiment with non-traditional styles of production. This, in my experience, is an unusual attitude for a college theater-in-residence.

The Baltimore Theater Ensemble plans its future existence to encompass the status of a permanent professional theater based at the beautiful new Studio Theater at Towson, and also the role of a community theater, touring the Maryland area in a group-collective traveling production in a style which today would be termed "Street Theater," or "guerrilla theater" but has a historical antecedent in the medieval improvised traveling company, the commedia-del-arte.

therefore, lends itself well to the interpretation of a play of this kind.

Bob De Frank's direction and choice of techniques, moreover, underlines Brecht's also radical theatrical theories. The members of the ensemble, a choreographed swirl of tie-dyed unisex express the action of the play through the use of ancient methods—dance and mime. The use of mime has been retained in Eastern national theatres as a legitimate vehicle of expression up to this date, unlike in Western theater, where it has come to be considered archaic. Its use in this play is also particularly appropriate since most of the action is set in Mukden, in Manchuria, during the Chinese Civil War.

By contrast, a recorded soundtrack offers dialogue, sound-effects, and avant-garde music, in a most modern style, reminiscent of some of the experiments in mixed media by contemporary composers. The lighting, sometimes from underneath the stage level itself, serves as a kind of unifying, mediating force between these seemingly disparate techniques.

Brecht founded a new European school known as anti-naturalism. No longer was the purpose to get the audience to "suspend disbelief", but sometimes even to emphasize the distance between the spectator and the play, which in turn gives the playwright the freedom to operate at an intellectual level unhampered by the desire to impress the audience's belief in the action itself. Members of the Ensemble, during one portion of the play pantomime a wall and take measurements between the stage and the audience in order to establish this Brechtian framework. Afterwards many symbolic representations are possible. Body structures are used to represent social structures. A pantomime of cannibalism offers a mythic interpretation of the cult of the individual.

The Measures Taken is by no means Brecht's most outstanding play, but the experimental techniques used by the Baltimore Theater Ensemble in this production make this a theatrical experience not to be missed. *The Measures Taken* will continue until September 19, at 8:30 P.M., at the Studio Theater, at Towson State. It will open again on October 3rd, at the 5 West Movie Theater, for Saturday productions only. Call 828-0020 for reservations.



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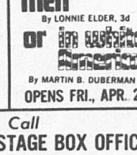
Film

inamorata, plods along ineptly beside him through most of the movie and keeps screwing up her face in all kinds of unflattering pouts that threaten to turn her *Seventeenish* beauty sour.)

Paul Williams' *The Revolutionary* isn't really about revolution or anything. It's about Jon Voight.

state's. But if a movie wants to be about a revolutionary', then to involve us—even on the dream-like level that this movie seeks to involve us on—it has to be able to suggest how what's going on inside its hero's skull ties in with what's going on in the world around him. The answers to such a question are the only forces that can breathe the final sparks of life into such a character, the only things that can make a complex, living person out of him.

The Revolutionary doesn't have those answers. The last person Voight meets is a self-gratifying publicity-seeking type who's contemptuous of Marxist thinking; the movie seems to share his views. That's fine; in some ways, it's a blessing—after we see Voight recouping from a dinner party attended by banally chattering millionaires, we're spared a subsequent scene showing him walking down Poverty Row and listening to the cries of the wretched. There's no need to demonstrate the actual societal conditions that are at work on him but unless we're given some indication of what the repression and injustice surrounding him are doing to his character, of how his political life is determining his emotional life, there can be no center to the movie. So what *The Revolutionary* ends up as is an attractively mysterious, restrained film about a humane young man who's quietly drifting through a stable, indifferent society and doing some odd things—sort of a glum *Stolen Kisses* with a radical twist to it. In any case, Paul Williams' direction is a triumph of self-control and coherence, and it gets the story out at an uncommonly steady rate, paying devout attention to the little visual extras that can provide a film with mood, if not substance. Structurally, *The Revolutionary* is a magnetic, if somewhat shadowy series of vignettes that, until the film's annoying cryptic last half hour, hang together very well. Williams works miracles with his actors—whatever it is that plays the destitute musician *cleaning house*, gives the most moving performance that I've seen on the screen this year—but with Voight's *vis-à-vis*, he flounders. It's not surprising—the girl is pretty, but her voice and her mannerisms make her an almost perfect carbon-paper copy of Sandy Dennis. So right now, with the score so uncertain, it's hard to tell whether American films will be able to deal with American politics in the seventies or not. One very discouraging omen: scheduled to open this fall is a new opus by Stanley Kramer, "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" Kramer, all about student rioting, and starring Ann-Margret as a Bernard co-ed.

	
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Miami Breaks Down Door

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Send my credentials to the house of detention

I've got some friends inside
— Jim Morrison

Miami justice is what it is, we might all soon have friend and Doors lead singer Jim Morrison literally in the house of detention. Not only are Morrison's subscriptions cancelled, but so are public appearances and recordings

under 30, and elections are coming up soon in Miami.

The prosecutor, Terrence McWilliams, charged in his opening remarks that not only was Morrison naughty but that he was also "shouting for revolution." The defense immediately made a motion for a mistrial, as Morrison is being tried for "crimes" other than those he was charged with. Motion denied. Judge Murray Goodman, just appointed to the court, is running in his first election soon.

The six jurors seem unmoved by the absurdity of the injustice. Jurors in Florida, half in number, are apparently

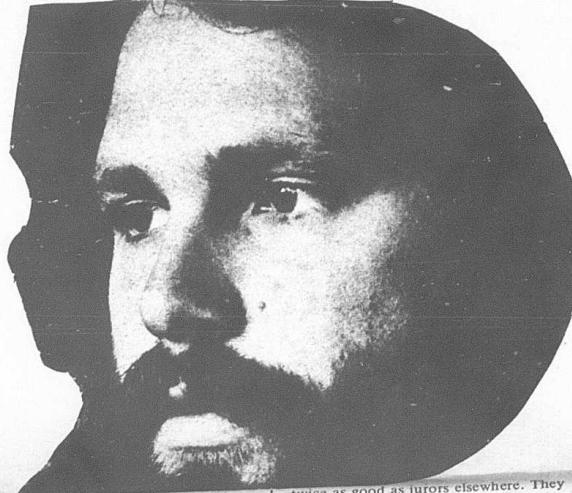
Gershman as "blond, pale blue eyes and obviously very fucked up. She had a very pinched WASP look about her. She was blushing throughout her testimony."

Sweet Collen's statements were shown to be fairly inconsistent by Doors' attorney Max Fink. Darling Colleen totally blew her credibility when she told a Morrison fan to "fuck off." It turns out that Cunningham Colleen was inspired to testify at her brother-in-law's request. Her brother-in-law, Bernard Sullivan, is a policeman. Even Carl Huffstutter, innocent and cut Colleen Clary's boyfriend, admitted taking her to see Country Joe and Woodstock after having been offended by Morrison's member.

The trial is proceeding in this manner on alternate days. No one knows quite why, except perhaps to prolong it.

Gershman estimates that the total cost of the trial in fees and loss of income may approach a million dollars. Defense costs may increase even more if Judge Goodman allows them to take the jury to see Hair and Woodstock and other examples of contemporary culture. The defense would like to show that Morrison's behavior was justifiable under the equal protection clause in the constitution. Goodman is apparently stalling on allowing this procedure.

The trial of Jim Morrison in Miami seems to be another establishment attempt to subvert an emerging new culture. Madison Avenue and the Establishment have usurped what they can of the youth: vocation, dress, lifestyle. What it cannot usurp, it is determined to suppress and repress. But, to quote the defendant. "They got the guns, but we got the numbers/Gonna win, yeah, We're taking over . . ."



until his trial in Miami is over.

Morrison is on trial because of charges stemming from a concert given by the Doors on March 1, 1969. The exact charges against him are "gross lewdness, lewdly and lasciviously exposing his penis, simulating oral copulation, exposing his penis in a vulgar or indecent manner with the intent to be observed, profane and vulgar language such as: 'You're a bunch of fucking idiots'; 'Don't you want to see my cock?'; 'Grab your fucking friend and love him'; and the use of intoxicating liquor or drugs.' Count 'em: one felony and three misdemeanors.

Actually Morrison's behavior, although extreme, was certainly less lewd than Lyndon Johnson showing his operation scars on national television. It was certainly less lewd than the recent Santa Monica Blvd. fuck show. It was certainly less lewd than the phallic glass Fontainebleau. Ah—but Morrison is

twice as good as jurors elsewhere. They are also twice as old. The youngest juror is 42. The rationale is that anyone under 30 is necessarily prejudiced: a trial by his Tyr.

The indictment against Morrison wasn't so much a reaction to the concert as it was a reaction to an article by Larry Mahoney, two days later in the *Miami Herald*. Mahoney, acting as prosecutor, wrote that "Morrison appeared to masturbate in full view of his audience . . ." There is, of course, a Freudian possibility that Mahoney was hallucinating pricks that night. In any event, since the concert, the *Miami Herald* and the *Miami News* have published over 300 articles about Morrison—primarily unfavorable.

The first witness called by the prosecution was seventeen-year-old Colleen Clary. Colleen, a checker at the local Super X supermarket, was described by Doors' pressman Mike

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September 18, 1970

HARRY



This summer, on just about any Sunday afternoon, if you happened to be tripping over to Washington, a freak could count on finding some good music and good feelings at the big square lawn between 6th and 7th Avenues and Constitution, otherwise known as the Mall. They were good concerts generally, and most people dug them. The concerts were supposed to last until the end of September, but guess what, they've been cancelled. Why, you ask. Well, it seems that a group of people showed up who thought that all the music and good vibes and everything else jus' wasn't enough. They had decided that the people's revolutionary consciousness could be raised only through combat with the police. There were reports that trouble was in the making, and that's where it all stopped. No one who puts on music wants hassles from the audience, especially if the music is free, there are plenty of hassles there already in setting things up. So the music stopped. You have the right to hear good music, and you have the right to enjoy yourself. Protect your rights, and exercise them, or there won't be any more free music. It's really that simple.

Two Baltimore bands, Light and Clipper Mill, have broken up. Rumor has it that Bob Grimm, Light's lead guitarist, is now in Las Vegas playing for the Four Seasons. Sigh. David Taylor,

formerly of Clipper Mill, is joining Gregory Kihn and Michael Hunt, who is somewhere on the trail leading back East, after a successful stay in Marin County, California. The object of all the unification is a group which should have a remarkable range of sound, both instrumentally and vocally. They have yet to come up with the right drummer. Hunt and Kihn will also continue to work as solo performers, with Kihn's first album for Capitol scheduled for release early next year.

Still waiting for the Grin album. Nils Lofgren can be heard on Neil Young's new album, "After the Goldrush", and to everyone's surprise, he plays piano. Keep 'em guessin' Nils.

There are plans under way for more contemporary music concerts at the Lyric. Please be kind to the Frog Tree, they're good people, not rip offs.

The UMBC 1970 Folk Festival will be held October 9th at the Catonsville Campus. Some of the scheduled performers are Betsy Rutherford, Matthice and Dimenna, Sandy Allan-Dale, Steve Smulean, Will White, Ray Aleksza, and Emerson's Old Time Custard Sucking Band.

Many coffee houses are beginning to reopen for the fall. Coffee Grounds starts with Gregory Kihn on September 18th. There will also be coffee houses this year at UMBC, (folk and rock alternating on Saturday nights), Loyola College, CCB, and many more. Let us know.

Went to a dance at the Blue Frog Coffeehouse in Reisterstown some weeks ago, after having been turned on to its existence by three young hitchhikers. It reminded me of what used to be called a "hop" when I was somewhat younger, a feeling contributed to by the fact that the band, Ute, played lots of Alvin Lee and even older-style rock music, when rock was meant to be danced to.

We need writers to review musical and cultural events, books and records. Write to the Culture Dept., or bring in your stuff.

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by Severne MacShaine

The Free University is a non-partisan, non-profit organization designed to supplement existing education systems and create new education methods and course offerings. It is sponsored by the Johns Hopkins University and staffed by community volunteers and Hopkins' students.

In order to fulfill 50 course offerings, more teaching space and administrative help is needed. There are no requirements or qualifications for teachers. The Free University only asks that those people wishing to teach courses have a sincere desire to communicate knowledge on a particular subject to the other members of the community. Unlike the staid institutions of higher learning in this country, the ability of teachers will be judged only by the students' interest. Many of the teachers that will instruct courses for the Free University will be supplying their own space for the classes, but if this is not possible the University can supply space. Those wishing to teach courses are asked to send their name, phone number, and (if they wish) qualifications for teaching, description of the course, and time and place as soon as possible to:

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Chaplains Office

Levering Hall

Baltimore, Md. 21218

Attn: Mike Saffle

or they may call Jim at 433-0750 or Mike at Levering Hall.

Registration for The Free University will be held on October 4th from 7:30 PM to 10:00PM in Levering Hall at Hopkins. The fee will be \$2.00 per course, to cover the cost of printing the catalogs.

Catalogs showing course offerings may be picked up at any of the following places: Johns Hopkins University, Aquarian Age Bookstore at 811 N. Charles Street, Qua Pasa at 211 N. Read Street and the Fellowship of Lights at 1026 N. Cathedral Street.

Among the more than 25 courses already scheduled:

Women's Liberation

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HARRY

September 18, 1970

CULTURE

REVOLUTION HOLLYWOOD STYLE

by ELLIOT SIRKIN

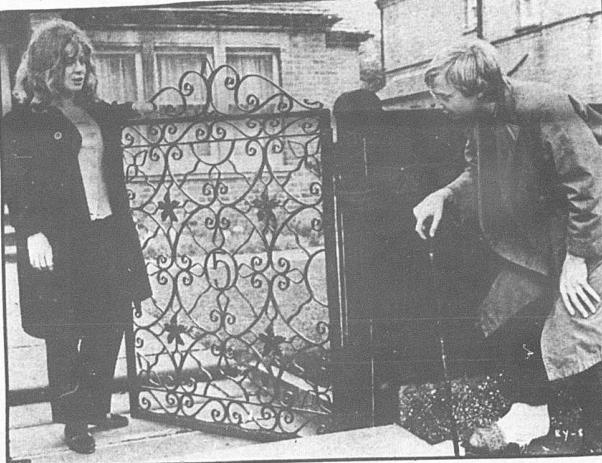
What's there to say about Hollywood and the Revolution when three movies that are as violently disparate in practically every respect as *The Strawberry Statement*, *Getting Straight*, and *The Revolutionary* can come charging out of the major studios' vaults within three months of one another? Probably not a great deal; certainly nothing definite.

The Strawberry Statement, quite fortunately, is no longer with us in Baltimore, is the sort of film that makes you nostalgic for the smug old days of superpatriotism in American movies, and, really I think it would be entirely fair to say that what *Myra Breckinridge* has done for sex, this movie does for revolution. The screenplay was written by Israel Horovitz, who's supposedly a playwright of the counter-culture, but the shallowness and the cloying vulgarity of his work are so pronounced that he's actually not much more than a Neil Simon with love beads. His dialogue is slack and embarrassingly trumped up; what he thinks is worldly sophistication is a very second-rate form of archness; the characters he creates are flat and wan, no more vivid and no less plastic than the glassy-eyed kewpie dolls that Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin used to cavor as in the teen-age comedies of ten years ago. The central conception is promising enough—an attempt at visualizing what goes on at a fat American university when the kids take over and shut it down—but Horovitz handles it so unconvincingly, with such opportunistic, lazy barren thinking, that not only is there not one challenging or enlightening thing in the movie, there's not even anything in it that comes off as being more than half-way true—there aren't even any small truths. The student positions are portrayed with absolutely no depth, the faculty is all but invisible, the administration's policies are all but indecipherable, and the strikers occupying the main building seem to be able to come and go as they please, letting in new recruits and skipping in and out whenever they feel like it. The emaciated little conflict that the action grows out of, about how the whimsical young hero is torn between his love for the crew-team and his duty to the Movement, is evidently too weighty a moral dilemma for Horovitz, so the script is padded with playlets about the absurdities and the delights of modern living that are just as puny as the plot and equally empty-headed. Needless to say, Horovitz's dramatic scenes are turgid, crawling with shrill clichés, and his comedy is worse—the most palsied series of flavorless comic conceits to struggle across a screen since the gags in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

Horovitz's precious monkeyshines get precisely the treatment they deserve from Stuart Hagmann, the movie's director: saccharine bubble-gum machine music spilling out glutinously over the soundtrack, and truckloads of

sun-spots and weird overhead shots and "nature" sequences that cheapen the San Francisco locales so thoroughly that the city looks though it were torn off the wall of a travel agency. The sledge-hammer that Hagmann makes his points with might be wrapped in guaze, but it's a sledge-hammer just the same, and to miss out on the messages he telegraphs out at you at the rate of one misguided platitude every five minutes, you'd have to be wearing iron contact lenses. To show that his hero is simply a nice, ordinary all-American college kid,

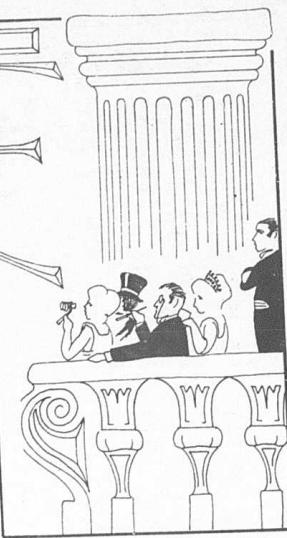
few of the problems that life at an American university has been posing for the past few years. Hiding out somewhere in the movie's unconscious are some very cynical, rather cruele-minded ideas about the sources of student anger and also of university intrinsicism; but none of them ever really gets an intelligent, sustained airing, and none of them even comes close to finding itself stretched out to its most logical end. A couple of times, though, crafty little smidgeons of observation pop up. Here and there are



with all the customs and tastes that go along with the syndrome, Hagmann has the camera linger on the boy's 2001, *A Space Odyssey* album. To let us know that the strikers are all sincere, innocent, gentle creatures, he puts plump, rayon-skinned, pink and white darlings in all the main parts, and photographs them through tiers of dim-focus sunshine. The way he directs them they wouldn't last a day as a band of junior high school desperadoes: Kim Darby, the cutting dumpling of *True Grit*, plays an allegedly tireless daughter of the revolution as though she were the social chairman of a genteel suburban sorority whose favorite author were Taylor Caldwell. And in the lead, Bruce Davison turns loose an anthology of silly mannerisms intended to denote quirky, dog-eared charm that accomplish nothing. I kept wishing that Hagmann would ask him to do that brilliant imitation of Butterfly McQueen that he pulled in *Last Summer*—anything to relieve his orgy of boorish gawkiness.

At least in *Getting Straight*, which is an incomparably better movie, the actors' voices have changed. And at least there's some content in its political content. You get the feeling that the people who put it together know how to read, and more than that, that they've done a little thinking about a

a few nice digs at SDS protocol and at the Black Studies craze and, in one scene, a fairly shrewd depiction of the poisonous rivalries that spring up among the members of almost all student revolutionary groups—and most of it works out pretty well. Richard Rush has staged the campus police bust that comes midway through the action with such a clear, brilliant flair for action, that it's just not possible to question the truthfulness of the hideous police tactics that the scene centers on: it's every bit as horrifying as the goriest descriptions of the Columbia raid. But most of the political stuff is half-baked, and in the movie's latter half, when the script tries to get down to cases and deal with the issues of student dissidence, it puts its head in the lions mouth again and again, and for no good reason. The film, which starts out as a pleasantly realistic comedy, dotted with tiny, effective twinges of fantasy, suddenly goes haywire; and it seems that every second, some new illogicality leaps out on the story—hippie nitwit who's been trying to get out of the draft for months magically get straight and goes out and joins the Marines; when the student body is about to tear down the university, the main character, who's an M.A.T. in literature, somehow ends up in a private huddle with the school's uncomprehending president; his



perfectly intelligent girl-friend starts screwing around with a Gant-shirted gynecology student and plotting a big money-making scheme with him. And so on. When all these defective plot mechanisms, which are really no more than updated versions of the ploys in Betty Grable movies, are fused with a lot of weak-minded gags about the aphrodisiac effects of a hard-day's rioting and some half-understood pilferings from *Toynbee*, plus a few unimaginatively caricatured semi-reactionary administrators, the movie caves in. There's enough in the debris to make you want to do a little reconsidering as to what exactly a university is supposed to be about and as to what the best course for kids who want to see it changed is, but what little there is is essentially knotted up and distorted. The sad thing is that *Getting Straight* relegated its own best instincts to second-string status. Its real theme has nothing to do with politics, except in that term's most general sense. Its theme which goes largely unexplored concerns the difficulties of a man who

really loves literature and art has when he's forced to contend with academicians and bureaucrats and various other forms of university low-life. That's an idea that means a great deal to me, one that I'm readily accessible to. Seeing it short-circuited by a lot of ham-handed gropings after topicality is not a pretty sight, but that's what becomes of it in this movie: the big climactic scene, when the hero lashes out against a desiccated professor of American literature who's been grilling him all through his master's orals, and practically kicks the creep's brains out is a gem; and if we were to see more of the reasons for the guy's outrage, there before we saw this scene, then maybe *Getting Straight* would succeed in saying something worth hearing, and in saying it well. Unfortunately, that's not the case.

And yet a lot of this movie is incredibly appealing. The basic conception might be an awkward mess, but it's realized with gratifying finesse anyway. The execution of it is remarkably talented—the most remarkable talent, of course, being Elliot Gould's. The robustness and the wit and the ingenuity of his performance are marvellous; but what's absolutely astonishing is his charm. The brazenly calculating loveliness that he peddled in his first movie roles is virtually extinct in this one, and in its place are a gentleness and a dazzlingly natural exuberance that, as far as I know, have had no equal among American movie comedians short of Cary Grant in *Bring Up Baby*. Casting is what Rush shines at, and on the whole, *Getting Straight* is probably the best-acted commercial movie released as of yet this year. Down to a man, the actors in the supporting roles are astutely chosen (although it should be said that Candice Bergen, as Gould's

(Continued on page 27)

PHILLY CONVENTION

continued from page sixteen

homosexuals, students, working people, artists. Throughout the day, the groups struggled to compress all their grievances and hopes for a better society into a relatively short statement to be made to the constitutional convention's plenary session that night.

Many social groups overlapped in the workshops themselves, which were structured to deal with the problems of self-determination of national groups, sexual self-determination, women, the family, and the rights of children, distribution of political power, the artist, control of police and the military, education, religion, control of population, protection of resources, self-determination for street people, drugs, control of the legal system, rights of oppressed and political prisoners, health and international solidarity with other revolutionary movements.

On Sunday night, everyone got together again to check what the workshops had developed. The gym filled up again, and sisters and brothers from each workshop came up one after another to the podium to begin to fill in the picture of what post-revolutionary America may well look like.

The evening session was particularly satisfying because it put the lie once and for all to the charge that our movement is mindless, programless and unable to get together on goals. It depicted, in unpolished but well thought-out form, an America where political power is brought down to the level of committees, autonomous local forms

that would replace states and cities; an America where oppressed national minorities are guaranteed the right to integrate, segregate, do whatever they want to do? where women are guaranteed total equality, equal participation.

A strong delegation of about sixty homosexuals who formed the workshop on sexual self-determination declared to the convention that "anything that prevents us from expressing our revolutionary love is sexist," and demanded that the constitution guarantee full freedom of sexual expression and an educational system in which sex is treated openly and no sexual preferences are pushed over others.

The Constitution's New America will provide for a people's militia, destruction of the standing army, dismantling of genocidal weapons, no more than 10% of the national budget spent on the military, and a prohibition against American military forces fighting outside national boundaries. Half of the militia will be women.

Police will be controlled by each community; police forces being composed of people from each community who would rotate their police responsibilities at set intervals. There would be no national police, and no plainclothes police.

Education will be universal, controlled by the community; schools would stress social ideas and practice, students would have full control of school governments and newspapers, there would be no enforced state curriculums, "Liberation" pre-schools would be set up.

The most thunderous applause of the session—presumably because it came as a pleasant surprise and not because of mistaken priorities—came from the Street People's workshop endorsement of grass, acid, and mescaline as "instrumental in developing the revolutionary consciousness of the people."

The health workshop took the position that a revolutionary attitude toward psychedelic drugs can only be developed after we see how drugs are used by people actively participating in the building of a revolutionary society. Dope under capitalism and dope under socialism are bound to be two different trips! Both the drug and the health workshop roundly denounced the use of speed, heroin, and other hard drugs which are used to keep people oppressed.

The Constitution will state that children are not to be property—of parents, the state, or of the collective groupings in which they may live. They have a right to a broad education that will expose them to all human models of behavior, that will eliminate racism, male chauvinism and heterosexual chauvinism.

Land and natural resources will belong to all the people. The delegates did not forget that America has been raping and stealing land and wealth throughout the world for decades. A report from the "means of production" workshop, for example, pointed out that America's standard of living in a post-revolutionary period would have to decrease at first in order to help other peoples catch up. The right to freedom from hunger will be central; so will the right to a decent home. Agriculture will be decentralized, and thus overproduction (and subsequent destruction of excess food) will be eliminated; and the use of chemical fertilizers and insecticides minimized. "The only solution to air pollution is revolution," one workshop spokesman said, amid cheers.

The full extent of the Constitution's program will best be demonstrated when the final document is actually put together; at present it is a collection of ideas and arguments. Many points are in debate—should the Constitution call for the eventual abolition of the nuclear family, a structure which presently oppresses women, homosexuals and children? What kind of national political structures are needed? How much power should they have?

But before anything else, the Revolutionary People's Constitution is aimed at building socialism. The ten thousand young women and men who thronged to Philadelphia, standing up and cheering the rough new constitution were declaring themselves revolutionary socialists, not by their mere agreement with some pamphlet, but by their part in developing this plan for a post-capitalist America.

The final session of the Convention is set for Nov. 4 (tentatively in Washington, D.C.) which will produce a written constitution. Many of the hassles that are besetting our movement will still be unsolved—the sexism and racism will not disappear overnight. Workers running their own factories, children growing up as independent people, proud black and brown men and women, homosexuals no longer greeted with snickering (as they often were at

this gathering) clean air and plenty of food—all this will still only be a dream, only a Constitution on paper. But this weekend in Philadelphia, for the first time, a broad spectrum of oppressed people came together, and there was a movement, a feeling of power. *"This great humanity has said 'Basta!' enough!" and has begun to move.* —Che



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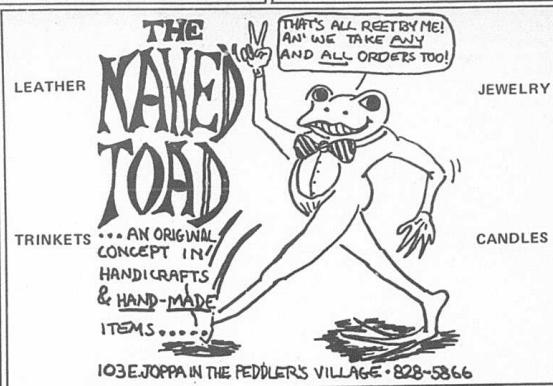
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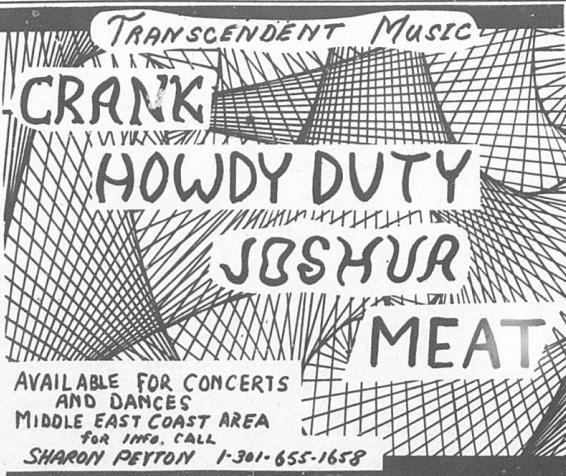
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September 18, 1970

HARRY

THIRTEEN YEARS THREE MONTHS TO 1984 AND COUNTING... or WHY THE MERRY PRANKSTERS DON'T INVITE YOU TO THEIR PARTIES

by P.J. O'Rourke

*Bye bye love
Bye bye happiness
Hello loneliness
I think I'm gonna cry*

—The Everly Brothers

The hippies are dead like the dadas and for much the same reasons. The dada-surrealist movement collapsed when Tristan Tzara (in much the same spirit of frustration evident in Abbie Hoffman or even Sartre) split the movement by declaring political allegiance with Communism. Russian Communism held then much the same position in the political spectrum that Maoism holds now, and Tzara's move was towards collectivism.

Of course, neither of these movements could have survived. They were two oil slicks of cooperative individualism on a vast sea of competitive egotism and collective stupidity. The masses seek their own level, and when some relatively civilized idea is popularized, it sinks back to the social norm, which in the case of the western world (in which I include China, Cuba, Al Fatah, and the Black Panthers) is brutal, coercive, ignorant, and vulgar.

For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.
Proverbs 14:12

Many freaks who have moved into leftist-collectivist politics excuse this move as a "progression" from hippie naivete. Yet it was these same people, the hippie masses, who were naive—not the founders of the movement. The central figures were never flower children of corn-fed American security. Ginsberg's *Howl*, Kesey's *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes A Great Notion*, and Burroughs' *Junkie* and *Naked Lunch* belie extensive exposure to the violence and frustration of existence. And it was Babbs, not Rubin, Hoffman, Hayden, or Rudd, who flew a helicopter in Vietnam. Their life style and the hippie ideas they helped to father are legitimate and intelligent responses to that violence—not refusals to acknowledge its existence.

These men are now dismissed by the "revolutionary heavies" as irrelevant or denounced with such phrases as "running dog lackeys of U.S. imperialism" or other such meaningless twaddle.

...no one, no one at all, no one whatsoever is prevented from being an individual unless he prevents it himself—by becoming one of the masses.

—Soeren Kierkegaard

Individualism is rejected as an evil coefficient of capitalism. Paul Krassner is kicked out of Yippie! for having "an insufficient level of revolutionary consciousness," even Rubin and Hoffman are denounced as class clowns, and Lenny Bruce would probably be lynched if he were alive. Our "movement" has slipped back into the easy niche of western thought, into the dreary process of Hegelian truth-hunt from which Marx derived the idea of dialectic. Not that many of our "heavy revolutionary thinkers" realize that their hallowed "struggle" is a product of the dip-shit philosophic victory of the German Idealists over the British Empiricists.

We have re-accepted the linear stupidity of constantly proposing sets of

polar or dialectic opposites. Cooperation and competition are not mutually exclusive, nor are the ideas of free will and determinism. Particularly, individualism is not the opposite of socialism. Oscar Wilde realized the importance of individualism while strongly advocating complete socialistic structure. In his essay, "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," Wilde argues that private property is not conducive to true individualism: "It [private property] involves sordid preoccupation, endless industry, continual wrong. Private property hinders individualism at every step." And he argues against authoritarian socialism—what every collectivist system [e.g., Maoism] is by necessity: "If the Socialism is Authoritarian; if there are Governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have Industrial Tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first.... It is to be regretted that a portion of our community should be practically in slavery, but to propose to solve the problem by enslaving the entire community is childish.... It is only in voluntary associations that man is fine."

None of this explains why a collectivist politicization finds such ready acceptance among youth, and such fanatic espousal by its partisans. The latter is partly explained by the incredible wealth of non-collectivist expression and relatively free creativity that our generation has been exposed to. *Obsessions grow from uncertainties.* To believe in something that one suspects may not be true is to begin to disregard the evidence of one's senses.... The fanatic isn't the man of absolute faith, but the believer who has tasted doubt."

*Now that I've dropped out
Why is life dreary dreary
Answer my weary query
Timothy Leary Dearie
—HAIR*

But the insecurity of belief is secondary to the belief itself. Robert Ardrey, author of *African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*, speaks to this point in his essay "The Violent Way" which appears in (of all places) the last issue of *Life*. Ardrey is fond of the large-scale generalization, but he proposes, rather intelligently, that humans share with other mammals the needs for identity, stimulation and security in that order. He calls this "the dynamic triad" and claims that mass society in America offers few rewards that would establish identity and little natural stimulation while providing an excess of security. From this postulate one might extend the thesis that kids became hippies (joined the drug culture) in search of stimulation, but even with the stimulation this provided, still lacked identity.

I would add that our society does very little to provide people with a sense of inner worth which can transcend their daily existence. We apparently desire this sense, as all our media heroes—Bogart, John Wayne, Brando, even James Dean and Peter Fonda—seem to have it, as do our insipid media identities like Ozzie and Harriet Nelson. But we don't have it ourselves, as is well evidenced by our faith-seeking fadism of astrology, macrobiotics, scientology, transcendental meditation, the I Ching, etc. *ad nauseum*. Radical collectivism is another of these, but with the added excuse for "action" in which identity can be found with the stimulation of the fight.)

If we have not the foresight, if we have not the will, then we shall discover one day who waits beyond our Rubicon.

—Robert Ardrey

In the previous popular fun-loving demonstrations and carnival riots we all had a wonderful time, and what structure there was grew up in an organic manner as we functioned as anarchistic individuals. There was plenty of stimulation and even identity, but it was easy to recognize the game nature of "our" action and "their" reaction. This ease of game recognition was very intelligent, probably too intelligent. It didn't provide us with the true "enemy" who is an inhuman object and who, of course, does not exist. The collectivist mentality obscures the game nature of confrontation and allows us more "security" in our activist "identities" as we pursue "stimulation" playing the no game game. You know, "This is no game!"

A totalitarian system can readily provide for all three aspects of the dynamic triad. The wise despots find means to assure anonymity through mass demonstrations of national and/or ideological chauvinism and the creation of myriad organizations and categories with complex rank and award structure. Hitler was an expert at this and Mao's Cultural Revolution with its street actions and decentralization combined with increased ideological purity show

that he too is wise in the ways of human identity. Security is no problem in an authoritarian structure, and war and Orwellian mental exercises provide plenty of stimulation. No one is hurt except the intelligent and the sensitive. No one is hurt but the artist. Potentially (as Wilde holds) this is much of mankind. Actually, it's hardly anyone; I hope I'm wrong.



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YES

by Jill Woodstock

A big idea that has changed my head is that everything is a process; moving, changing, developing, each point in the universe is related to all other points in the universe.

Life is a process; eating, shitting, painting, playing, dying. By painting, I learn to paint. But I'm also learning to paint from learning about loving, cooking, walking around. All these things are processes, too. Give a baby a green light, say "Yes to everything" and he'll expand out into infinity, the universe of pleasure, of experimenting, changing, doing it better, and yet better.

Repress a baby, say no to everything and you get animals with fear inside instead of love. You get Amerika. In Amerika's head nothing is a process, everything an absolute. The cult of "experts" and "specialists" is a cult of the absolute, the isolated, the static. History is over, change is a threat. Each individual has a niche and must defend it. Capitalist-militant Amerika has one Answer to everything.

"What can one man do (about pollution)?

Buy Amoco.

"What is the answer you seek for peace of mind?"

Arid extra dry.

Buy, buy, buy. Die, die, die.

To be hung up on perfection, to fear movement, is to be hung up on death. We gotta flow with the process, changing and experimenting all the time. Living is a full-time job. What works? What feels good? We all know. Love feels good. Colors feel good. Eating, shitting, walking—all life's processes feel good. But the System says "Don't." It leads people on. Postpone your pleasure, and you'll be rewarded, it says. Repress yourself. Don't express yourself. Just finish school, get a PhD, get a good job, tenure, and, always, more money. Amerika calls this long process of repression "education."

Striving (slaving) for the future is death. Life is now. The future is open-ended. We could go to California, or jail. We could even die. But we can have fun the whole damn time. (Remember Dan Bemman's face on his way to jail?)

Liberation is in our heads. It's also a continuous process. How much fun can we have? How much super-LSD-love-awareness are we capable of? Assume that you can fuck with everything—every instant, every direction, in this varied and beautiful universe. No end to it!

Each instant in the process is a point source and travels out in all directions. Take your choice.



ROBB

belongs to the universe. The energy which flows on within you and without is only trapped in your body temporarily. Out of that energy we can create—love—express. And then when the language says, "we die," the energy liberated into another form. Fearing death is really no different from fearing life.

The Agnew's and Nixon's and the "politicos" are frightened babies. We can only teach them liberation (or teach anyone anything) by example, by liberating our heads, by saying "Yes to everything." Doing it is it! Right?



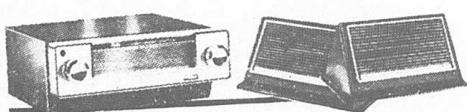
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"But what about death?" The frightened people ask. If you dance in the street, wear a shit-eating grin, hug a pig, walk barefoot, keep your door unlocked, go naked. "somebody might kill you."

There's a big advantage to interpreting everything positively. It feels good. And it works. I mean like when you feel good, you're getting down to it. Down to liberation, which is the process, the Revolution. This life isn't "mine." (I, me, me, mine!) It

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Well, I don't ever plan to grow up.



HARRY'S Freak On The Street Kozmik Kwestion this time is:

What would you like to be when you grow up?



I want to be an outlaw



Alive.



Are you for real?



Godzilla



Mickey Mouse because I want to see how it feels to have big ears.



Sorry, I never thought about it. I always wanted to be a girl. You've got me other than that.



A freak on the street



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a conga drummer



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MAN WANTED, MUST BE PERSISTANT

by Severne MacShaine

Genocide of peoples through the determined and persistent effort of a group of oppressors is becoming a growing issue among minority groups and oppressed peoples of the world. Consistently throughout history genocide has occurred and has been perpetrated against the Jews by Hitler, the Biafrans by the Nigerians, and the black man and all-white minorities by the white man.

MAN—short for Making A Nation, is an organization whose core of operations is in Baltimore. They are seeking to end the genocide that is committed by the U.S. government against all minority groups, in particular non-white people. The family of MAN is comprised of a core group of about 25 brothers and sisters (and their children) who have been organizers in the civil rights and peace movement. James Sesley, Treasurer of MAN, explains that in December of 1969, over the Christmas holiday, people from groups as SNCC, SCLC and CORE came together in Nashville and discussed the idea of forming an organization to deal with the problem of genocide that the U.S. government has committed against non-white people in this country and throughout the world. In January the organization moved its headquarters to Baltimore. The primary professed concern of MAN is to "bring the consciousness of Americans and other people of the world to frequency of dealing with genocide and ending it."

Sesley notes that the basis for all the work that MAN does is that honest

relationships with yourself and with others would bring about an end to genocide.

The Genocide Convention held from 1945 to 1948 drew up the Genocide Treaty in which genocide is defined as "any of the following acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethical, racial or religious group as such: killing members of the group, causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the groups, deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part . . ." The only two countries that have not ratified this treaty are the United States and South Africa; Sesley emphatically states that the United States could not possibly sign such a treaty as this because they would be subject to prosecution immediately by the guidelines of this treaty. MAN's program to "so educate people as to the nature and acts of genocide so as to create the movement that will force this country to end it." MAN accomplishes its goal by getting the community involved in recognizing the genocide and exploitation that is being carried on every day. Psycho make-up, according to Sesley, is a very important part of one's relationship to civilization. "Man must enter into honest relationships and this is especially true with male-female relationships." MAN feels that commitments to freedom, love, and honesty blend together to form a harmonious pattern that is one of the necessary goals for human survival. Like

the movements led by the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., MAN is totally non-violent in its approach to ending genocide. James Sesley spoke of the relationship between the sexual attitudes of those high echelons who have "the power" in the United States and the continued persistence of genocide. Sex among white males and their wives is very perverted in that they place sex before love which is an unnatural state. He feels that if the attitude of these people could be changed to seeing love as a deeper relationship that should be entered into before sex, the mass murder of millions of people would end simply through a new awareness of humanness and creativity. As one of the ways in which genocide is carried on Sesley cites the fact that the government has failed to put an end to the flow of drugs into the country not so much because they cannot stop the traffic, but because it is a designed plan to allow drugs to continually flow into ghetto areas particularly. Sesley states that the government is not so much interested in helping the drug-user through rehabilitative care but instead they pursue a course of busting people and putting them in jail, the user not the pusher.

The campaign that is being carried on at the present time is the march from Salisbury, Maryland to the United Nations Building in New York for a rally to support the United States' ratification of the United Nations Genocide treaty of 1948. The march

began on August 3 and is expected to arrive in New York on Sept. 18 with a rally in Harlem scheduled. All along the way to New York the marchers have received food, shelter, and support from their brothers and sisters in the cities. The atrocities of genocide that speakers have attacked at rallies are poor housing, "irrelevant education", illegal drugs, lack of jobs, and racism, all of these being outward forms of genocide. The marchers number 100 to 200 strong with the 100 community organizers and the Rev. Bevel, Executive Director of MAN. When the marchers arrive at the United Nations Building they intend on setting up workshops outside of the building. Since MAN cannot be considered to represent a nation; rather, a nation within a nation, Sesley does not expect that they will be allowed to speak on the floor of the UN. However, MAN expects that some nations will address the delegates of the United Nations because of their own particular involvement with the genocide as pursued by the United States government.

MAN's belief in a one world goal works toward making America a nation of free thinkers and lovers where there are no boundaries and dividing-lines between people. With such an organization and community support, MAN hopes to first bring world awareness of the genocide committed by the United States government, and to then bring about pressure for this government to end such policies.

There will be a Genocide Convention in New York on September 25, 26, 27 at 1520, 127 Park Ave, Harlem, New York.

BAIL OUT YOUR SISTERS & BROTHERS

The time has come people, to discuss something that has probably been discussed one hundred times before, but now instead of just talking about it we're going to try and do something about it. The very big problem I'm trying to get at and solve is the Baltimore Bust Fund. So many times in the past three years I've sat in B.C.J. (Baltimore City Jail) wishing I had the bread to get out, but I knew that it was impossible, because there was no one to help. Now finally there is a way to get help with bread thanks to the efforts of a few far-flung heads.

What we're trying to say is that we have come up with a plan. I'll tell you about the plan a little later, but first I want to tell you about jail, for those of you that have never had the opportunity to visit this plush city resort.

Last year, Jan. 1, 1969, I was busted in the 1000 block of North Calvert St. for the following charges; drugs, burglary, larceny—you name it, I was charged with it. The pigs weren't very nice about it either. They seemed to have the nasty habit of bending my arm behind my back. As a matter of fact, one of the fuck-offs had the nerve to pull a gun and say, and I quote, "If you even move the wrong way I'll blow your damn head off." This really blew my head into pieces, because I was tripping at the time. Well, they finally loaded us into the pig mobile, and carted us off to the central headquarters. When we arrived there we were quickly separated, and put through the old grind, you know, the questions, the finger printing, the pictures, WOW! what a trip.

The next thing they did was to put us into separate rooms to ask us more questions and to advise us of our rights. Well, they got tired of questioning us and decided it was time to lock us up. About the time I got into the cell was when I started peaking. The next morning we were given breakfast, and

coming down looking at that mess wasn't very much fun at all.

Well, now comes the fun. We were



brought into the courtroom by two police officers, and lead to the front bench. The arresting officer must have thought we were junkies. He came up to Roney, who was biting his nails, and said, "If you need a fix we can take you over to the hospital". I thought this was kind of funny until I saw the judge looking at me. By the time the judge got to us I think he was pretty pissed-off. To tell you the truth I don't think he liked long hair very much. So after all the bullshit was over he slapped 5,000 dollars bail on both of us, and off to B.C.J. we went.

When we got there we were put through more or less an assembly line. We took showers, had our bodies sprayed with bug spray, and then given a number and had our pictures taken again. Then they lined us up in sets of two, and sent us over to E section. This is a section set up for first nighters. All you do is sit in a one man cell and wonder when the hell you'll get out.

You might spend as much as four months in jail waiting for a trial.

Well, after our first night we were again put into groups of two and three, and carted off to different sections. Roney and I figured that with any kind of luck we would be put on the same section. Well, we were on the same section alright, but not the same cell. This put us on a real bummer. The whole time I was there I was harassed, and the shit-head guards really didn't give a fuck. So I kicked ass and got mine kicked. Finally wound up in lock-up, (that's where cats who break the jail rules get put when they are very bad boys). After spending about a month there some friends finally raised \$70, and got me out.

So dig it. This is what we want to do. We want to set up deposit cans in just about every head shop in the Baltimore city area. We'd like for everyone to help us to help you.

So leave a little change at the next deposit can for a brother or sister. It doesn't take a lot. The cans will be marked with the letters B.B.F.

If you get into a bind with a bust call the following numbers and ask for either John Baer or Dan Reaser. 685-2771 or 685-2770—The Fellowship Of Lights.

So be cool people, and keep on trucking.



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VOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S INSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION



In the group called on the downtown which would surely clash with police, moved in on the and its leaders and to the temptation Rizzo's pigs. Only in all of North ht, far fewer than y night.

unday that the to the business of titution, as people church center to d the Sunday-quiet

ere unique in some previous political " did not break or organizational were set up cial groupings": women, male age twenty-two



HERO WORSHIP

AND CHEAP THRILLS

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

*The rebels they were here,
They stood beside the door,
They told me that the moon
was bleeding.
Then all to my surprise,
They took away my eyes,
And it seems that there
are no more songs.*

-Phil Ochs

Way back in 1965, I used to get beaten up by rednecks for singing Phil Ochs songs like, "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore," "Ringing of Revolution," and "Viet Nam Blues." I wonder if I sang the song above to a group of heavy politicos, or Panthers (white or black)—I wonder if I'd get the same response?

The reviews of the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention are pouring in. They're all righteously exuberant. They flex their machismo biceps as they tell us what a triumph the convention was. How it belonged to the people. How happy everyone was. What a victory it was.

I wish with all my being that I could bring back good news from Philadelphia. That it was a political Woodstock. That the Woodstock Nation, the Panthers, the Lords, and all the others met as equals and came out with a grand plan for saving the country. I can't do that because I saw ugliness, heard petty slogans, felt oppression, and smelled the odor of death.

Robespierre was there. So were Marat, Stalin, and Oliver Cromwell.

*The troops are leaving
on the Trojan train.
The shining in their eyes,
but I am hiding in the rain.
Now one of us must be insane.*

-Phil Ochs

Philadelphia is the ugliest city I've ever seen. Even the rebuilt downtown area is dirty and mean. The North Side area is black ghetto, where the convention was held in an area of narrow filthy three story brick tenements. It is the most depressing area of a city that can ever be.

Registration was conducted at a church. I had come to the convention to renew acquaintances, enjoy myself, and help with the constitution (also, of course to cover it for HARRY). The vibes (does anyone still relate to the word "vibration") were super uptight. Well, why shouldn't they be, a huge number of Panthers were busted earlier in the week during a series of police raids after seven cops were shot? Why shouldn't they be after Philly Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo declared open warfare on the Panthers and tried to get the convention barred from the city? Why shouldn't they?

So, yeah, they should have been uptight, but also there is a point at which caution and suspicion become harassment and oppression. On one occasion I was told I couldn't use a stairway because it was suddenly declared an up stair by three Panthers. As I took a different way down, I saw them allow ten black people (not in a group) to walk down. That's racist. Oppressive.

Later we were told to move on to another part of the auditorium. There were no more seats and there was no place to go. They didn't give a shit. They told us, "Don't stand still! Don't stand still!!!" What? You want us to jump up and down? Oppression. Harrassment! And no matter what the reason, if someone is nasty—he is nasty—be he a redneck shouting at you from his car, or a cop giving you a lot of shit on the street, or a Panther at the door of a church. The result is the same. The end product is no different.

And what difference is it if the boot on your neck belongs to a pig or a "Liberator." It is still a boot and it feels just as bad.

*In every cancered spectre,
Inside, outside find your own.
God's aloft the winds are raging,
God's aloft the winds are cold.*

-Procul Harum

Most of the straight and underground press have dwelt on their opinion that the masses of people were jubilant. I saw some of their jubilance and it scared the shit out of me.

The jubilance came not when the speakers were talking about the new constitution or building a new society, but when destruction, death, and revolution were mentioned. They were happy when their heroes were paraded before them—Bobby, Huey, and Eldridge.

So they applauded death and heroes. Can someone tell me the difference between that and the response from a hometown crowd when their football team is introduced and then later proceeds to knock the quarterback from the other team out of the game? Hero worship and cheap thrills.

Man, that's why I dropped out! That's why I disassociated myself from the death culture. And I didn't discard one to make another.

But what do you do when your brothers and sisters are shot down in the street? What do you do when an insane perverted system uses all of its might to come down on your head? What do you do when you're busted for having a good time, for getting stoned, for living?

What do you do when most of the wealth in the country is controlled by a few? When the political power resides in the hands of those few? When those few oppress millions? When those few are destroying the earth?

And is it just those few? Do the people really aspire to gain collective control of the means of production—or to become one of the few that control it?

But again, what do you do when some of the most beautiful people in the world are sent to prison—Tim Leary, David Eberhardt, Phil Berrigan?

What do you do when electoral politics fail? When demonstrations fail? When peaceful civil disobedience fails?

The answer may seem obvious, but maybe it is too obvious. The question—as old as man—persists, can you replace one oppressor without becoming one yourself? A change of color from blue to red doesn't change the *end result*. The reality. What **REALLY** happens.

Hero worship and cheap thrills. They treated Huey as though he were

a god. Huey Newton is now the SUPREME COMMANDER of the Black Panther Party. SUPREME COMMANDER. The people at the convention accepted that without question.

Adulation such as Newton received has been reserved for only a few—Castro, Hitler, Johnny Unitas, Clark Gable... Will we be hearing, "Long live Huey Thought" soon? Masses follow charismatic leaders as long as the leaders tell them what they want to hear. My last hero was Brooks Robinson. I had thought we stopped thinking in terms of heroes, and began to think in terms of people; alive, warm, loving, (or hateful, but human), PEOPLE. I guess not.

*How can we follow?
How can we follow?
—The Who*

Hero worship and cheap thrills.

continued on page thirty

WHAT OBTAINED?

PHILADELPHIA [LNS] — Ten thousand people, mostly black and mostly young, jammed the North Philadelphia ghetto community on Labor Day weekend to attend the first large-scale meeting of American radicals designed to put together a concrete vision for a revolutionary America.

It was called the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention plenary session; the site was Temple University, located in the middle of a crumbling but lively black ghetto. People arriving at the registration center—staffed and guarded by members of the Black Panther Party, which called and sponsored the convention—were first greeted by a tall flagpole. It was divested of its U.S. flag; in place of "Old Glory" flew an NFL flag, a Black Panther flag, a flag emblazoned with Che's profile, and a red, green and black Black Nation flag.

The flagpole was a colorful symbol of the destruction of the old America, and the spirit was destruction of the old America, and the spirit was jubilant. No one had really expected such a massive outpouring. Nor did we even expect so much energy available for the actual work of the Constitutional Convention. On Aug. 31, the Philadelphia Panther headquarters had been raided; there was a shoot-out and several cops were injured. Three other cops had been killed or injured the weekend before, and tension was dangerously high. Many expected a blood-bath confrontation.

It was Philadelphia Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo, known as the nation's "toughest" cop, who tried to set the stage for a battle between police and radicals when the convention opened. Rizzo swore that the convention would not take place. He damned Temple University for permitting the use of its facilities. He called the Panthers "yellow dogs, creeps and psychopaths." Appeals were made for hundreds of extra cops to be added to the force in time for the opening days of the gathering.

But on the sunny Saturday morning on which the convention opened, there were few police in sight, and few roving red patrol cars. Rejecting a motion by the Jewish Defence League to have the convention banned, a Federal judge ordered Philadelphia's cops to restrain themselves from violating the rights of the Panthers or other participants in the convention.

The first plenary session was held in a 5,000-seat gymnasium. The bleachers were filled, and people sat cross-legged on the gym floor, too. We listened to Michael Tabor, one of the New York Panther 21, who talked intensely and passionately for two hours about American history, the old Constitution, and the future of our revolution.

"From the beginning it was a government of the pigs, by the pigs and for the pigs..." Tabor said, and he began to relate the real side of American history, the oppressed people's side of the school-taught myths. It was slaveowners and landowners, he said, who drafted the original Constitution to serve their own needs.

"All men are created equal..." But women and black people were not considered people, Tabor told the crowd.

He then dissected the current state of the economy: "Today we have an inflation and a recession. That means the top of the lid is blowing off and the bottom is falling out, and that's a depression..." He warned that fascism can come without the telltale signs of sieg-heils and goose-steps; and he called the U.S. the number one threat to the

continued existence of the human race.

There was little doubt in the minds of the sea of listeners that revolution would be the answer to the horror of what Tabor labeled capitalism and imperialism. The straight press attempted to mock the Marxist terminology so freely used during the convention days, but the thousands and thousands of participants—the largest single group being young blacks, mainly Philadelphia high school and college kids—were not turned off.

We sat on hard benches in the gym, and heard Tabor describe "the dissolution of the modern Babylonian empire," and talk about class struggle—but the crowd was no gathering of staid theoreticians or party hacks. The gym was drenched in the bright hues of people's clothing—whole rows of purple, yellow, green, here and there punctuated with bright red. Whenever a strong point was made, fists shot up, and chanting broke out; with the same enthusiasm, people listened to jazz and African drums while they jazzyed around outside later that evening, waiting for Huey.

Huey, out of jail for only a few weeks, drew thousands more than the ten thousand daytime participants. When he spoke on Saturday night, the gym was packed beyond capacity, and thousands more were crushed together outside the modernistic building, unable to get in.

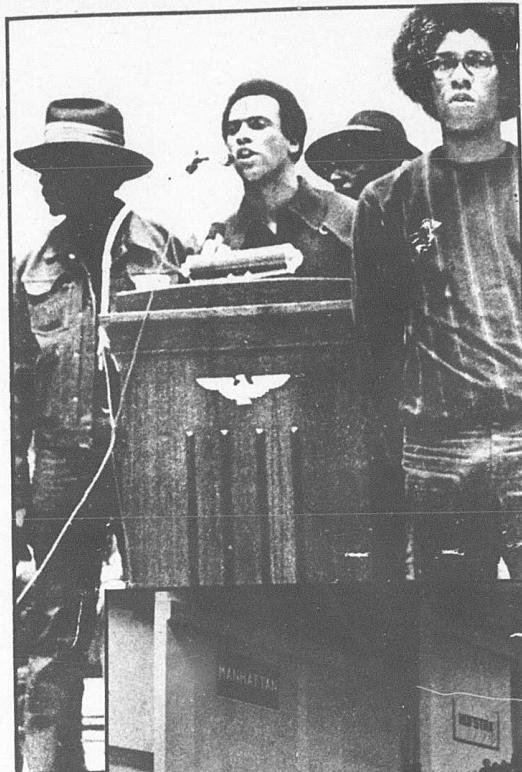
Even much older people, often politically conservative, related to Huey with affection. One man of sixty, sitting on a milk box in a candy store on the ghetto's main street, smiled widely and urged us to go "hear Newton when he speaks tonight."

(A black reporter who lives in the North Philly ghetto described the way people were digging the Panthers, especially in the wake of the Rizzo raid, and the shoot-out that resulted in the arrest of 14 Panthers: "Young, old, men or women, you can see it. They're laughing inside at what the Panthers did. Suddenly we all know them.")

As darkness fell, Huey arrived at the convention scene to read a draft of the preamble to the new constitution. He began to speak in an atmosphere charged with excitement, apprehension and general tumult: this was after all the first time that the co-founder of the Black Panther Party had met with the white and black movements in a huge public assembly. And boy. And for that very reason, both Huey and his entourage were particularly nervous about the possibility of some kind of pig disruption. Security was tight, searches were extensive; Huey could barely be seen behind a screen of bodyguards (you could make him out mostly by the bright scarlet shirt he was wearing), and outside the hall, many people formed in clusters around transistor radios (Temple's student-run station broadcast the speech live).

The speech again laid out the premises behind the need for a new constitution. Huey talked about the right of oppressed people to rebel and to build their own new world. But one group of oppressed people, women, were disappointed with Huey's presentation, which just about ignored their existence. In the preamble, the words "man" and "manhood" were employed when "people" and "humanity" are the words the women's movement is teaching us to use.

In the past, women's groups have attacked the Panthers for their male chauvinism, although the Party has engaged in struggle on this issue. The



women's suspicion of the Panthers was at least in part confirmed here in Philadelphia. A third world woman was scheduled to speak about women's oppression on the same platform with Huey, but for undetermined reasons was not allowed to do so. This led a group of radical lesbians to walk out of the convention the next day; they argued that Huey's prior statement of support for women's liberation and gay liberation was a mere attempt to co-opt the rage of women and gays.

But Huey's presence was a unifying force at this convention, one which spotlighted the Panthers' success in relating to young white revolutionaries from the entire spectrum of the New Left, people who came not so much as representatives from organizations, but as part of a new revolutionary front in which the Panthers are playing a key role.

There were also some notable absences: the Young Lords Party, a

dynamic and creative revolutionary Puerto Rican group, played a very minimal role during the weekend, and there was no active representation of Chicanos or Indians at all. Old Left groups like the Socialist Workers Party or the Communist Party, which often dominate national movement gatherings, did little more than sell their literature.

Huey's speech ended in uproarious applause, and he took off through a back entrance. Panther spokesmen announced that Huey might appear again at the church being used as another convention center. The scene around that church, however, was less cool than at the convention site. Many more police cars were in evidence, and a more action-minded sentiment was brewing in the darkened streets.

Later that evening, after it was clear that Huey could not make it to the church, a crowd of a thousand people or so began to gather, and some

continue

ways. Unlike conventions, "c down along po lines. Instead, according to oppressed nati



MUD ON MUD

MCKENDREE
SPRING

TIMBRE

Dear friend,

The Who, Timbre,

Redeye, Dewey Martin's

Medicine Ball, Elton John

Jelly Roll, Mudon Mudd,

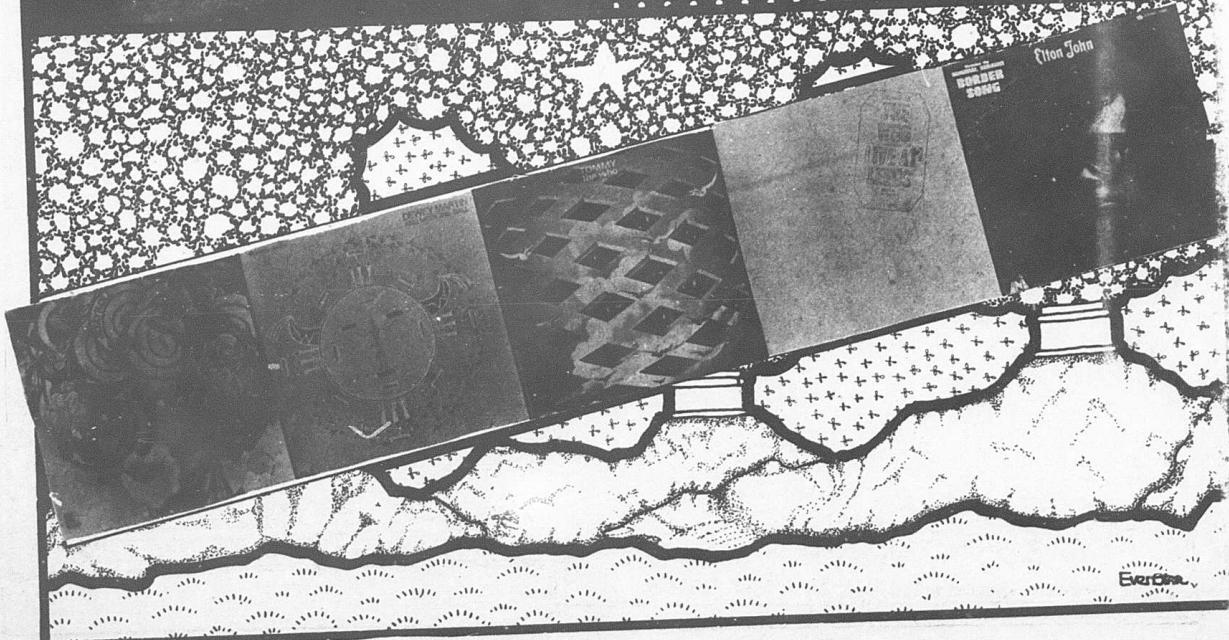
Rick Nelson & McKendree Spring

+ M.C.A. "Ho Ho Ho"! have produced
these ten albums. 57 people
working hard to community

with you.

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IT IS VERY NECESSARY TO SPEAK PLAINLY

"The plain political duty of good men in these iniquitous times is to break bad laws," said the Rev. Daniel Berrigan who is now serving a 3 year sentence in the federal penitentiary in Danbury, Conn. "We are talking of the simplest and most direct meaning of resistance."

The Catholic priest made the comment in an interview taped prior to his capture by the FBI Aug. 12. For over 3 months he had evaded authorities. Berrigan was convicted last spring of destroying draft files with home made napalm 2 years ago in Cantonville, Md., a suburb of Baltimore. He was a member of the Cantonville 9 which included his brother Phillip, also a priest, and the seven others who participated in the raid.

Following are exerts from the tape. The interviewers were unidentified.

QUESTION: How did you get started in this type of political activity which has lead you to becoming a fugitive?

ANSWER: I was in France in 1954 at the time of their defeat in Indochina and I saw what the war did to that country ... and my brother Phillip was active in the civil rights movement in the south ... I went through the early 60's where we thought ordinary liberal methods would win and demonstrations were bound to get the ear of power. I went through all the fastings, vigils and demonstrations. In 1964 I helped organize a Concerned Clergymen's group in New York City and I ran into trouble with (Cardinal) Spellman who was head of the church there then.

Spellman was blessing the war and visiting the troops and doing all sorts of horror things. He became very angry that we were getting the word to Catholic clergy and so he dropped the word to my superiors and I got kicked out of the country. For six months I was exiled to Latin America with no return ticket. I felt that this was a bit like throwing Brer' Rabbit into the briar patch because going to Latin America was no cure for one's attitude toward U.S. imperial policies. I just saw another battlefield. But I came home convinced much more than ever that this war was a symptom of a world wide morass that we were sowing and that the U.S. will reap the whirlwind and that I was going to say so ... Then I went to Hanoi in 1968, part of a prisoner exchange. The most vivid and horrifying memory I have of that visit is being an American under American bombs ...

The witches' brew we cooked up to do our thing in Cantonville was one part soap and two parts kerosene. Let me tell you, if you ever want to try something very good on property that has no right to exist, this is a terrific formula. It is not only fabulous it is totally incendiary. But, of course, it doesn't allow Americans to know what the real product is like because the real product is much worse, much faster,

much more searing than this was. We got this (the formula) from the Green Beret handbook.

QUESTION: You are now a fugitive from the FBI but yet when you did your thing in Cantonville you and your compatriots stood around watching it burn and waited for the police to come and arrest you. What brought about this change in thinking?

ANSWER: You've certainly underscored some tremendous changes in me ... The past two years have been a tremendous period of growth for me. There have been a lot of changes politically ... Back then we still had some hope that the trial might be a forum for political issues. We did get the forum. Hundreds of people came. But we were found guilty. We were disposed of again and that made us think the thing through again ... We went through all of that as a kind of an act of trust which I think was true to those times. But I wouldn't agree that it was true now ... The general idea of people doing those things now is to do as much damage as possible and get away.

QUESTION: Can the average American relate to your action?

ANSWER: I have no great hopes that any majority of Americans will rise up no matter how bad the politics gets or how bad the war gets. I feel we're in for a very long haul with small groups of people around the country who are serious about their rights and that other people will join us. But the American public in general is a very enslaved non-community victimized by 30 years of cold war and 20 years of nuclear brinksmanship ... My generation and maybe even yours will only see the beginning of it (the revolution). After all, the Vietnamese were always reminding us when we were there that their revolution was 1000 years old and it was still incomplete. They were still an occupied country and they still believe they will make it. But the idea that we can finish this thing up in one year or one generation is absurd ...

On the tape containing his poetry reading Berrigan concluded with the following statement:

"It is very necessary to speak very plainly. To go to Washington and cry is a project for Dodos. It is a very obvious cop-out. What is required of us all today is the building of communities of resistance beginning with our own lives, our own bodies, our own families and the putting away of those multitudinous fears and dreads and forms of cowardliness that keep us from being and becoming men and that allow the non-men to be in control of the lives and deaths of others, especially of the innocent ... Until we have truly experienced the death of one person we shall never rise. The revolution began with a dead man who refused to stay dead. This is my faith ..."



D. BERRIGAN

George Givotovsky 70

Stereoland

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Call 847-2077

DOPE

by Jolly

In investigating an old stash this month, I found a large bag of seeds and various residue which I fortunately proceeded to carefully re-clean a second time, yielding a worthwhile quantity of extremely platable red flake. A mere two tokes brought again to mind that other herb which grows so well in Columbia, in among the coffee beans there, on the mountainsides. O yes.

Careful cleaning is, of course, worth its weight in smoke. Most people tend to use a small tea strainer, which has a very fine mesh, or a flour sifter, with an even smaller mesh. A better tool is a larger strainer of the kind used to dry pasta. It tends to strain out nothing but seeds and the twigs, leaving the "prepared marijuana" in a flake form, rather than in a finer dust, resulting in a much cooler smoke.

Don't smoke your seeds...the amount of THC (the active ingredient, folks) contained in seeds is infinitesimal, besides being small, and they taste terrible. Chances are, you're more likely to get a sore throat instead of a buzz. The thing to do with seeds is to play little Johnny Poteed and plant them. Plant in sunny, well-hidden areas. Don't expect Joe Flatfoot to believe your story about how those odd plants are actually marigolds you're growing for the old invalid lady next door. He won't. Cops know what it is when they see it. Be especially careful, those of you who are harvesting right now. Freaks who are into botany are an unusually rare sight...leaving not many guesses as to what you might be up to.

Don't plant now, it's too late. Use the time to scout out an area to plant in the Spring (mid-to late April is best in Maryland). If you have plants growing now, don't cut them immediately. Wait until Indian Summer is upon us and the leaves begin to turn. When the plant has flowered fully, then it's time. Remember, you should be on the plant's time, not your own. The man who farms is closest to the Tao of Natural Forces, and his desire becomes one with that which is.

GRASS Thank our lucky stars, harvest season has brought with it an \$65!

extraordinary variety of all grades and types of our favorite herb. Quite platable domestic grass, including some local Maryland grown crops is to be had for \$225 a kilo once, alas, standard price for Mexican weed. When buying check to see if what you're getting are female plants. Look for seeds, flowers, and buds. Seeds are important, never buy any grass without seeds. Color is also something to consider. Bright green

Dounces are still the standard \$20 for singles, with some premium teas bringing even stiffer prices. Though the market is jumping, the demand is unrelenting, and therefore the prices have remained close to this summer's ceilings. Baltimore seems to absorb, and quickly absorb any amount of tea available. Hmmm. Must be a lot of people turning on.

among the best hashish available, truly a one-toke stone. Average hash prices are between \$90-100 a ounce. You're lucky to find an ounce of Primo for \$110. If buying in smaller quantities, buy by weight, if possible. Obtain the use of an accurate grain scale (the best are the beam balances used in chemistry classes). Never pay more than \$5 a gram for hashish. Anybody who asks more is jiving you.

ACID

This scene has been somewhat dormant since last winter's activity. Dealers in this commodity have complained that sales have been off. It seems to be true that more people trip during the winter indoors than during the summer when they're outside. Certain varieties, such as "Sunshine" seem to always be available, and they are just as bad as you would expect.

MESCALINE, PCPA AND MDA

Reports on all these have been mixed. About half report good trips, and the other half bummer. I seriously doubt that either PCPA or MDA is available in any amounts, and that those things masquerading as such are really some other spacy compound. Mescaline is a beautiful trip when pure and organic. Unfortunately, it's rarely available outside of Mexico. Look for articles on all these drugs in future issues of HARRY.

COCAINE

Cocaine, once only a dealer's drug, is rapidly becoming more accessible to the freak on the street. Outrageously expensive, (it goes for \$35 or more a gram!) it's also often cut from one to five times. Pure, or 100% Coke, comes in either "snow" (stolen pharmaceutical cocaine) or "crystal" (black market). Go easy on this, even if your pocket can afford it. Though non-addictive, it does make heavy demands on the system.

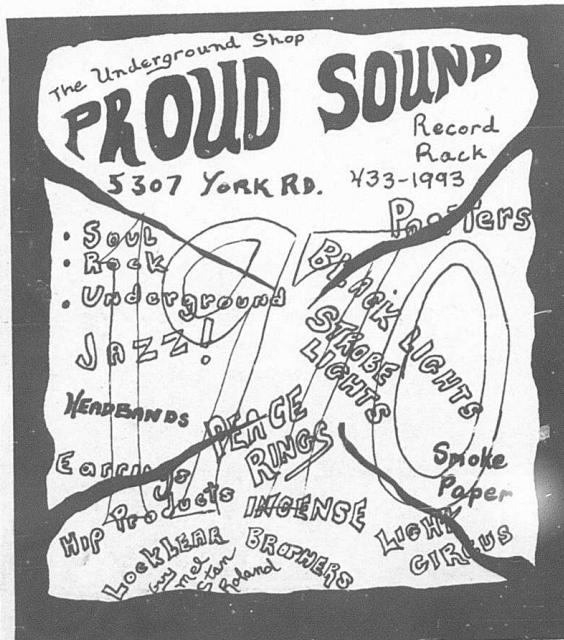


grass tells you that it was picked too early. Dark green shading to brown is best. Take fresh grass, spread it out on two Sunday Suns (don't use HARRY, the higher quality paper used in HARRY is too brittle for rolling) and dry for 12 to 24 hours under intense light, i.e. a sunlamp. The extra artificial curing is worth the effort in the added potency. Buy domestic grass carefully. Some's not worth buying, even at a discount price.

Stronger West Coast grass, and some Mexican gold is being sold for a premium price, usually between \$180-200 a pound. Currently the best available are hand-picked Mexican flowers, not usually obtainable in quantities greater than fractions of pounds. Quarter pounds go for around \$65!

HASHISH:

Hash supplies have been intermittent because money at the wholesale level has been going into tea, but what has been, has been good. In the last month we've had red, gold seal, black slab, and best of all, Primo. Primo is hashish that is nothing but raw cannabis plant resin-known as Charas in India. It is



The Shape of the Seventies.

From a man's point of view, it's a very with-it suit scene. It's a wide lapel, for instance, bold and assured. It's a narrowed waist, then a flare-out. It's styled trousers, all done in some exciting new fabrics and colors. Come see us. See how we're shaping up for Spring.

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